

EXHIBIT A

February 24,2008

Dear Honorable Judge Ware,

My name is Nerissa Caguimbal. I am 42 years old and have worked for the Salinas Police Department as a word processing operator for 14 years. I have been married to Carlos for almost 23 years. We have two wonderful kids named Kevin, age 23 and Nichelle, age 20.

I met Carlos in my junior year at high school. I was not attracted to him at first. It was only when my friends would comment on how nice and cute he was that I started to take notice. I would hear more good things about him and became more interested. I would come to learn that not only was he smart, but he was also a hard worker. I found out that he started working when he was 10 years old bunching onions and at the time was working two jobs at JC Penney and Wendy's. He was very active in the school's marching symphonic band in which he played the French horn. He was also vice president of a Filipino-American youth club outside of school and organized many activities to raise money. He did all this while still maintaining good grades at school even with his college prep courses.

Carlos was unlike any guy at high school. While his friends were cutting classes, he would be at school studying or doing homework. While everyone was out going to parties, he would be either at work or at home helping out with chores. He would always get teased for being a "school boy" and a "momma's boy."

Carlos would continue to pursue me throughout my junior and senior year in high school. During that time he sent love letters and bought me gifts, not knowing if I was really interested in him or not. I admit during that time I was stringing him along because I loved the attention. I felt sorry for the poor guy because I know I didn't make it easy for him, but I admired his persistence. He finally won me over on April 4, 1983 and we officially dated.

I met Carlos' family soon after and was so impressed in his relationship with his parents and siblings. I saw how sweet and loving he was with his family and how proud they were of him. I especially admired how he treated his mother, making sure she was always comfortable and taking her medication. Even his older brothers and sisters sought Carlos for advice and opinion on certain matters, which I thought strange considering Carlos is the baby in the family.

After high school, Carlos had planned to become a physician assistant and enrolled in classes at Hartnell College. In January of 1984, at 19 years of age, I got pregnant. Because we were in love and Carlos wanted to support me and our unborn child, he joined the US Air Force so we could get married.

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When Carlos was on leave enroute to his first assignment in Michigan, we were married in a small church wedding. By this time, my parents had grown to love Carlos and didn't mind that we didn't have the traditional wedding.

While stationed at K.I. Sawyer AFB, in Michigan, Carlos continued with helping people by becoming a CPR/First Aid instructor for the American Red Cross. He eventually became the Safety Chairperson for the American Red Cross at K.I. Sawyer AFB, in Michigan. Carlos had a very successful Air Force career which enabled him to be promoted to E-5 in five years which normally would take 6 to 7 years. Unfortunately because of an appendectomy that went bad, Carlos had to eventually be medically discharged from the US Air Force in 1992.

After leaving the US Air Force, Carlos was able to get a job as a security guard for American Protective Services based in Watsonville. In 1993, he was hired as federal police officer at the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey. In Feb. 1994, he then took a job as a mail processing clerk at the US Postal Service in Salinas.

While working for the US Postal Service, Carlos was able to receive many awards for his achievements and outstanding work ethics. Out of many supervisors and personnel in the Salinas post office, he was chosen to plan and lead several successful Stamp dedication ceremonies. He was able to build a bond between the postal service and the local community. Because of these events, the post office sent him to various other post offices around Salinas and Monterey Peninsula as an interim supervisor. He was also sent to supervisor training in San Jose but unfortunately didn't pass his test and was let go from the program. I was so proud that Carlos was so successful with the post office.

Not only has Carlos been successful with the post office, he has been very successful as a church elder in the Iglesia ni Cristo/Church of Christ in Salinas. He has been the locale choir director since 1994. He is responsible in directing and teaching not only adult choir members but also children as well. He also is instrumental in putting together musical programs and other events in the locale congregation and community. He is also the locale sports coordinator. In this office he puts together sports related activities such as volleyball, bowling, and basketball events. He helps put together team competitions with other teams of various church of Christ locales in Northern California. He is very loved and respected by many church members in Salinas and other locale cities in Northern California.

It was a very blessed event when we were finally able to buy our own home. In taking advantage of the Cal/Vet loan, we were able to buy a house with only a dollar as down payment. We couldn't afford any furniture so our house pretty much consisted of a couch, a dining table and chairs, a coffee table, and three beds. Our house was pretty empty, but we were so happy to have a place of our own.

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We were in our home less than a year when Carlos fell ill and was hospitalized. He would be in and out of the hospital several more times after that. He missed a couple months of work and used all of his sick leave. We needed both our checks to make the house payments. We were so afraid of losing our house that Carlos borrowed money from my parents because I was too afraid to ask. My parents were both retired at the time and didn't have much money so I was extremely grateful when they loaned us \$3,000.00 to get back on our feet.

Sadly, we were never able to get back on our feet. A couple of bad decisions and more hospital visits saw to that. We eventually lost our car and our house. I was so ashamed and scared. Ashamed because my parents loaned us the money from what little they had and scared because we had no place to live. I was so angry and traumatized at losing everything we worked hard for that I told Carlos I never wanted to go through this ever again. I vowed to him that I would leave him and live a much better life on my own. These very words would soon come to haunt me later on.

In 1999, my sister Frances' husband was killed during an accident at work, which left her all alone in her house. Since Frances did not have a steady job, she saw the benefits of us living with her and took us in. We would pay her \$1200 in monthly rent. She always got along so well with me and my family and her house had four bedrooms so it worked out perfectly. Frances is also a diabetic who didn't take good care of herself so this allowed us to keep tabs on her and make sure she took her insulin.

In 2004, my father suffered a major stroke and went through weeks of rehabilitation. Frances volunteered to care for him and was paid through Social Services, which meant she would have to live with him and my older sister, Annie, at his house. During this time, Frances was informed she was in danger of losing her house, for not paying the mortgage. Because her house was already in a state of disrepair, she didn't really care to hang on to it.

Carlos and I came up with the idea for her to let us take over the house payments with the understanding that she would always be welcome to come back should anything happen to my father and Frances agreed.

In 2004, in refinancing the house, Carlos and I were able to make huge improvements. Gone was the mold on the walls, the water damage in the kitchen and bathrooms, the buckling of the wood paneling, and the badly stained carpeting. We even purchased brand new high end appliances and electronics. It took a while but we were eventually able to make the house so beautiful that it was unrecognizable by friends and family. We were so proud of our home and what we had accomplished.

We were also able to take little vacations to San Francisco and San Jose for shopping trips. We would enjoy watching live Broadway musicals such as Phantom of the Opera, Les Miserables, etc. We enjoyed taking our children to these Broadway musicals to broaden their musical experiences. During our time in the military we were limited in our income and were never able to afford to go to the movies, let alone eat out at nice restaurants.

In September of 2005, we refinanced the house again to finish the remodeling that we had started the year before. According to the finance company we went with, we were assured that we would not be getting a second mortgage and that our monthly payments would stay the same. This unfortunately was far from the truth.

In September of 2006, I was at work when I got the call from Carlos that he did something bad and might be in trouble. He sounded so sad and scared at the same time. The tone of his voice was one I had never heard before in all our 22 years of marriage and it frightened me. All these thoughts were racing through my mind like "what could he have done?" I kept asking him what he did and what was wrong and all he kept saying was, "Please don't leave me. Please don't be angry with me." When I finally got him to tell me what he did, my heart just sank. I could not believe what I was hearing.

Many times during our marriage Carlos would do things that would make my blood boil and I would just blow up in his face. During our arguments, I made sure that I would not let him off easy and our fights would extend over to the next day. I would call him names and say things to hurt his feelings. On this day, I surprised myself for being so calm. I sensed the sadness in my husband's voice and I just wanted to be there for him.

On this same day, Carlos had called me earlier at work to see how my day was going. He was calling from home during his lunch break. I found out later that this call to me was his attempt to "test the waters" to see how my attitude was and to bring up the courage to tell me then. By this time, he had already made the decision to overdose on some medication so that I could collect the insurance for me and the kids. It so happened that my niece stopped by to visit and hung around the house for a while, which thwarted Carlos' plans. I truly believe God was watching over Carlos at the time.

Carlos had a quarter million-dollar insurance policy set up for me and the kids should anything happen to him, but no amount of money would make up for his absence in our lives. Carlos touches the lives of everyone he meets and whenever he is not around, be it at work, home, church, he is always missed. He is just a great guy and loved and adored by everyone. He is always willing to help people out and has a problem with saying no when asked for favors.

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My mother died in 2003 of ovarian cancer and, as mentioned above, my father is 83 years old and has been in and out of the hospital for the past couple of years. He has suffered through several strokes, has dementia, and requires 24-hour care. There have been several times when he did not even recognize any of his own children or grandchildren. Oddly enough, during all these episodes, he always managed to recognize Carlos right away and demanded Carlos sit with him in the hospital.

My sisters and I were always puzzled by this but then realized that why shouldn't my dad recognize Carlos. Carlos was always there for him and my mother. Carlos was the one who took them both to their doctor appointments and picked up their prescriptions. When something needed fixing or they needed help with anything, they called Carlos and he was always more than willing to help. I remember my mom always telling me, "Thank God for Carlos."

Through the years, my sisters, brother, brothers-in-law, nephews, nieces, and friends all have come to rely on Carlos. He is just a great help in anything asked of him. If he didn't know anything about a certain subject, he would do all the research for you and help in any way he can. That is the kind of person he is. Carlos is truly a blessing in all our lives.

When I think about this whole ordeal, I have to pinch myself to make sure it is not just a nightmare. I think to myself that Carlos must have been so scared and financially overwhelmed that he could not even confide in me our financial troubles. I think back to what I told him when we lost our first house that I would leave him if we ever lost our house again. Carlos always took care of our finances so I blame myself for not taking a more active role. We have never lived extravagantly so I was never suspicious of anything. I always figured the extra money we had was money he set aside from our refinancing.

This whole ordeal has caused a ripple effect in our family. One by one we lost our home, our car, and many irreplaceable possessions. My daughter suffered a mental breakdown because she blamed herself for going away to college, adding to the financial strain. She was eventually diagnosed with bipolar disorder and was hospitalized for several weeks. My son has put his plans on hold to work fulltime in order to help out with our finances. I worry about my son because he tends to hold his feelings inside. I asked him once about how he felt about his father and what he had done. My son confided in me that even though his father did this bad thing, his father is still the best role model in his life.

As for myself, I have been under the care of a physician for my high blood pressure and borderline diabetes. My doctor has dubbed me a "walking heart attack." It has been hard trying to keep a brave face and being optimistic, knowing what Carlos could be facing.

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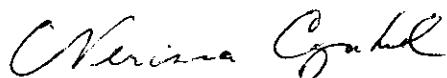
Your honor, I know Carlos must be punished in the eyes of the law for what he has done but in our eyes, the eyes of his family, he has already been punished. This has been an emotionally draining time for all of us. In the beginning, Carlos was so sad and depressed that it worried me. I am so grateful for his work and school since it allows him to focus on other things. Carlos is beside himself with guilt and apologizes every day for what he has done to me and our family.

Since being dismissed from the Post Office, Carlos has maintained his church duties as our choir director and sports coordinator. Also during this time, Carlos has gotten his CNA license and is presently working and taking college courses. If Carlos is sent to prison, he will be expelled from church and most likely lose his job. His goal is to become a registered nurse or work in radiology, which was his original plan. I know that convicted felons have a hard time finding jobs. I have also learned that in time felonies can be expunged on the condition that prison time was not served so there is some hope Carlos can obtain a license and get a job in the medical field.

Carlos has such a warm and caring nature. He is intelligent and excels in anything he sets his mind to. He is the kind of person who makes friends everywhere he goes. Everyone loves Carlos. Older people in particular are drawn to him and adore him, which would make him perfect in the medical field. We are hoping and praying that Carlos gets probation so that he can start rebuilding his life. This year he will be 44 years old. It won't be easy, but I am confident that Carlos will reach his goal if given the chance.

Where most women would have left their husbands for committing such a crime, I have stood by Carlos during this whole time because I love him very much and see much more good in him than bad. I know what is truly in his heart and that he never intended to hurt anybody. As far as I'm concerned, the only thing I'm sure he is guilty of was trying to keep his family together.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive ink, appearing to read "Verina Gable".